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ISSN - 2347 - 503X

# **Research Chronicler**

**International Multidisciplinary Research Journal**

**Vol IV Issue I : January 2016**

**Editor-In-Chief**

**Prof. K. N. Shelke**

# Research Chronicler

ISSN 2347 – 5021 (Print); 2347 – 503X (Online)

**A Peer-Reviewed Refereed and Indexed  
Multidisciplinary International Research Journal**

**Volume IV Issue I: January – 2016**

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	Indian Individual / Institution	Foreign Individual / Institution
Single Copy	₹ 600	\$40
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## I Have Given Up My Human Rights!

Nishtha Mishra

*D.Phil Scholar, Department of English and Modern European Languages, University of Allahabad, (U.P.) India.*

“What can ail thee,” O soldier smartly dressed!  
You work amidst the scenic paradise,  
how can you ever feel stressed?

Extreme temperatures that freeze the glacier’s flow  
and thirsty sand storms;  
we tolerate dehydrating humidity of marshes,  
while all you can see is our staying among beauteous forms!

Then why don’t you ask for provisions to be made,  
where your camps in extreme conditions are laid?  
In stoning cold and blinding dust and sweat, no one else will dare to fight.  
My friend I pretend to be numb for I have given up my Human Rights.

O what a lovely firework display!  
Mesmerised we watch wondering,  
what fun festivals would be where you soldiers stay?

Years have passed since we had celebrated  
Holi, Diwali, Eid and Christmas with our family.  
The mirth, the joy, the fun, the love and the togetherness  
exist now only in our childhood memory.

Then why don’t you take your leave  
to spend with your sweethearts your festival’s eve?  
We stand here guarding the line from the enemies of our festivities all night.  
We do not regret our family’s disappointments for we have given up our Human Rights.

How lucky remains you in inflation  
with the supply of resources at optimum rates,  
even in recession!

Our accommodations lie at places  
where resources are not accessible readily.  
Our supply of products remain fixed  
no matter if it falls short against our needs, daily.

“We too have a family to provide;  
We too need allowances to survive.”  
Our soldiers guard and fight with empty stomach for months without complaining of sleepless  
nights.

But we don’t bear any grudge for that as we have given up our Human Rights.

O soldier, we salute and respect you for your services, infinite.  
Still why you stand detached there blaming us  
for lack of reverence for your numerous feats?

In our country, there is no one who says:  
“We are privileged to have your acquaintance or presence.”  
Numerous lots of men could be supplied from our over populous place  
to fill in the posts vacated when Death removes our fragrance.

No bullet proof jackets; no protection against mines;  
How you still manage to do these acts of supreme valour with so much to bind?  
Our countrymen think I am a soldier born to die!  
I have thus given up living as my Human Right.

O glory to your name! You caught that terrorist alive but tied!  
In chivalry, virtue and humanity you even surpassed the Arthurian Knights.  
Still why are you “woe-begone”, O Nation’s pride?

Our media will bring this terrorist to the hall of fame.  
The Nation’s treasury will be open in his medication’s name.  
This terrorist will be immortalised in the minds of our countrymen.  
But not for once they will remember our name!

I am sorry I forgot to ask your name;  
But you will definitely be honoured for ending this terrorist’s game.  
Our martyrs and injured soldiers will struggle for the reward of this service throughout their life.  
And still we will risk our lives protecting you for we have given up our Human Rights.

You are the knight in shining armour of every girl’s dream!  
Then how come the picture you carry show  
your beloved’s sad eyes having watery gleam?

Separation hovers over our togetherness;  
We could hardly share our happiness and pain.  
In our world, there are only few days of warm sunshine  
then months of cold rain.

How you tolerate such physical distance, I don’t know!  
Don’t you want to watch your children grow?  
We are immune to be deprived of each other’s love, care and sight.  
Along with me, my family has also given up their Human Rights.

O grief stricken soldier, then why don’t you strike  
If you can fight for our country,  
You can definitely fight for your rights.

If we go even for an hour strike,  
the country will be swarmed with blood thirsty enemies.

Our rivers will then turn into bloody Hades  
and mountains will erupt sending fire till seas.

You can't even afford to stay for a moment off-guard.  
It's sad your worth isn't recognized in any of the county's part.

We don't work for recognition or limelight;  
I am a soldier with no Human Rights!

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ISSN - 2347 - 503X

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